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Remove pain misery as many thousands of others have done, by applying Minard's Liniment, an old, reliable prescription. No other remedy acts so quickly or effectively. It is pure and antiseptic, wonderfully soothing, and is the most effective remedy for rheumatic pains, soreness and stiffness of joints and muscles, lameness, sore hands, tired, aching feet, pains in chest, sore throat, and for sprains, strains and bruises. You cannot afford to be without it. It cannot possibly harm or burn the skin.

## LOW PRICED ADVERTISING

### FOR SALE

TO RENT—A good five room tenement, electric lights and bath. Inquire at Harte Theatre. 591f

FOR SALE—The Museum Ames will hold their annual sale of hand made Christmas goods commencing Dec. 11 at 115 Union St. 567e

FOR SALE—Small building suitable for hen house or garage, also piano, organ and parlor stove. Adella Elwell, Woodford road, Bennington. 567e

FOR SALE—Cheap, this week, number of parlor and cook stoves, first class parlor suites, side boards and dressers, good horse, wagon and harness. I buy copper, brass and all kinds of junk for cash. James Fox, Second hand store, 206 River St. 541e

FOR SALE—Honey, No. 1 white clover honey 22c per carton; 5 for \$1.00; No. 1 buckwheat, 18c. 6 for \$1.00. The Orchards. Phone 261. 541e

FOR SALE—Having resigned my position as rural letter carrier at Shaftsbury, I will sell my horse cheap. Easy keeper. Walter H. Whitman, North Bennington, Vt. 547e

FOR SALE—A two seated carriage, one quarter of its value, also a set of buggy wheels. L. C. Holton. 531e

FOR SALE—40 horses. We just arrived with 37-45 pair 2600 to \$600, singles 1100 to 1700—a few seconds 1100 to 1400, all first class, young sound and ready to work. All horses warranted. Next load in three weeks. Guilford & Wood Horse Co., largest dealers in New England. P. J. Wood Prop. 531e

FOR SALE—A seven room house in good repair, with a large garden, located on Hatch street extension. Inquire A. R. Rickert, 310 Gage street. 441f

FOR SALE—Second hand Smith Premier typewriter in fair condition. Good chance to get a machine cheap. Apply at Banner office. 121f

FOR SALE—One 1916 Ford Run about body, top and windshield and one touring car body, top and windshield. Bennington Garage. E. W. Williams. 221f

FOR SALE—One 1915 Ford Touring car equipped with shock absorbers, robe rail, and other extras. Bennington Garage. E. W. Williams. 321f

FOR SALE—License place on trolley line from Bennington to Hoosick Falls, 2 miles from North Bennington. Doing \$30.00 business a day. Inquire of E. A. Hathaway, Chicken Coop Inn. 211f

### TO RENT

TO RENT—For club purposes or offices, the second floor space in Hawks Block formerly occupied by C. W. Petersen. All modern improvements and conveniences. George M. Hawks, Hawks Block, 435 Main St. 581f

TO RENT—Four rooms will be rented at a reasonable price. Joseph Kittel, Park street extension. 567e

TO RENT—A first class double office steam heat electric lights. Inquire at Harte Theatre. 541f

TO RENT—Two large furnished rooms, steam heat, electric lights and private bath. Apply 128 Union St. 541e

TO RENT—Several good steam heated rooms by the day or week. Reasonable rates for board. American house, Corner River and North streets. 521e

TO RENT—Stores, offices, tenements, shops, stables, individual garage, individual storage lockers, furnished apartments and rooms all centrally located. Geo. M. Hawks. 425 Main St. 721f

### MISCELLANEOUS

\$50 REWARD—For information leading to the arrest of the boys who filled my road on Hathaway Hill with stones from the main road to the reservoir. I warn all persons that I shall prosecute anyone I catch crossing this property. W. H. Snow. 5911e

STRAYED—From home of Mrs. P. Cordes in South Shaftsbury a Scotch Collie, reddish brown, answers to the name of Tex. Bring him home and get reward. 581e

NOTICE—Bring 50 Rabbits Trade Marks to Willoughby's for a Christmas Doll or Wash Board and Towel Rack or Friction Toys or an Imported Salad Bowl or three Cups and Saucers. Include Trade Marks from Rabbits Cleaners. 46125

## Potash, Perlmutter and Others

By MONTAGUE GLASS

### X. THE GINHOULIAC HEIRLOOM.

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co. It must be confessed that even as office boys go Bonfortunato Tagliatela was by no means of engaging personality. He was short for his fourteen years, and a tousled mop of hair hung low over his eyes, with which he squinted horribly. So ill favored was the boy that he moved easily going John Oakley to protestations of disgust.

"By George!" he said to Freddy Furnival. "That office boy of yours is a freak. May I ask what on earth induced you to hire him?"

"You may," Freddy replied. "The sole consideration was that he's a member of the Benvenuto Cellini circle of the Tasso Settlement on Mott street, at which you

**Alcock PLASTERS**

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Coughs and Colds (on chest and another between shoulder blades)

Weak Chests, Any Local Pain.

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### WANTED

Wanted—A good girl for general housework. Apply Mrs. E. H. Tiffany, 405 Gage street. 581f

WANTED—Produce of any kind at once. State kind, quality, quantity and price. G. F. Mahar, 43 Beaver St., Albany, N. Y. 6011e

WANTED—Board and room near Cooper's mill for mother and small child. Care for child during working hours. Address B. R. Banner office. 591e

WANTED—Gentleman, fifty year or over. Light work, near home. Whole or part time. Good pay. Write us, Poquon Nursery Co., Meriden, Conn. 571e

WANTED—Children's dresses to make and plain sewing to do. Miss Florence Whitman, North Bennington Vt. 547e

WANTED—to buy a new milch cow with calf. Would prefer one from 4 to 7 years old. Joseph Kittel, Park street extension. 567e

WANTED—Two educated men over 25 years of age for special work in Vt. and N. H. Spare or full time. Address Dodd, Moad & Co., Inc., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City. 551e

WANTED—Man to take care of furnace and do chores. Apply Mrs. S. Carpenter, corner of Pleasant and Valentine streets. 561f

WANTED—A single or married man to work on farm, must be good milker. Tenement house on farm. John Scully, Colgate Rd. 541e

WANTED—to buy a parrot. Address C. B. Banner Office. 547e

WANTED—Reliable man to run boarding house at mill. For particulars call or write Plunkett-Webster Co. Ins. Telephone 158-21, Bennington, Vt. R. F. D. 547e

TEACHERS WANTED NOW—Ninth grade \$700; village school, \$15 a week; good rural vacancies. Trained teachers preferred. Hathaway Teachers' agency, Bennington, Vt. Tel. 226-W. 191f

WANTED—Family washings to do, washings delivered at N. F. Smith's farm. Mrs. Taylor Jones, Bennington, Vt. 531e

WANTED—At once a good sand wheel man to sand mirrors and brushes, will pay by the day or by the piece, apply to European Method Co., 16 Fourth St., Leominster. 531e

WANTED—A lumber lot of spruce, balsam, basswood, oak, white and yellow birch anything that is worth while. For particulars write Robert McDuffee, Arlington, Vt. 3712e

WANTED—Two man roomers will also furnish board. Mrs. H. Galusha, 112 Putnam St. 421f

WANTED—Good Nurses, male and female, wanted at the Taunton State Hospital Training School for Nurses. For particulars, address Dr. Arthur V. Dean, Supt. Taunton State Hospital, Taunton, Mass. 541e

### LOST

LOST—On Monday, Nov. 27, be taken Shaftsbury and North Bennington the bottom part of a dining table. Finder please notify Walter H. Whitman, North Bennington and receive reward. 541e

### FOUND

FOUND—A gold locket and chain. Owner may have same by calling at the Putnam House Livery, paying for this advertisement and proving property. 571e

street, at which you were only playing at practicing law." "Spoken like a brother!" said Freddy. "I suppose you don't know Mary one of the idle rich." "I do know it," Oakley replied. "Last night at dinner she said you were only playing at practicing law." "Precisely," said Furnival, "and Taylor shall be the means of disillusioning her. He is under strict injunction to inform her, first, what a large and incentive practice I'm acquiring, and second, how by precept and example I'm making a man out of him."

He felt in his pockets for some cigarettes and found none there. "Taylor," he called. And when Tagliatela appeared in response he threw her the end of a cigarette. "Get some cigarettes," he said, "the kind we're both partial to."

"You don't mean to say you feed him cigarettes?" said Oakley when the boy had gone. "Not if," Furnival answered. "He helps himself to them, together with what I have changed out of the pocket of my office coat, when I'm not here. Last week he developed a new trick. I found my library divided into two parts. He sells 'em at a book shop on Main street. I followed him there last Thursday, and arranged to have him paid a quarter, plus my reports and thirty cents for overtime. Very decent fellow, the proprietor. He turns 'em back to me at a shabby profit—and there you are!"

"By Jove! What was a fellow do when he's in love?" Oakley ejaculated. "You're quite right," said Freddy, "but there are compensations. I've invited myself over to the Benvenuto Cellini circle tonight as Taylor's guest, and Mary will be there. Here he is now," he broke off suddenly. "Greetings, Taylor!"

The stunted youth entered, and grinning sheepishly, deposited a package of cigarettes on the desk, from which Freddy took it. "Cigarettes used to come ten in a box," he said, as he opened the package. "But—ha, as I thought, there are only nine here! The trusts again, Oakley—you can't beat 'em!"

The Tasso Settlement on Mott street accomplished two results, neither of which was important from the standpoint of sociology. In the first, it provided Hector Ginhoulia, its founder and head worker, with a living, and secondly, it catered to a laudable and charming taste for "social service" in various wealthy young spinsters. One of these Hector had marked for his own.

"What others have done I can do," he declared to himself and laid siege to the heart of Mary Oakley.

To that serious person there could be no comparison between Ginhoulia, the Milanese of French extraction, and Freddy Furnival, only heir at law of Furnival's dry soap and muscle cleaner. Freddy's personal discrepancy served but to irritate Mary, who was nothing if not earnest of purpose, while the suave and polished Ginhoulia appealed strongly to her sense of dignity.

True, Ginhoulia had no money and even made melancholy jest of his poverty to Mary.

"But you are rich in your life work," she would say.

Ginhoulia would answer with a resigned smile, induced, no doubt, by the aptness of Mary's observation. He would, indeed, be rich if his plans matured as he hoped. Moreover, he sincerely admired Mary. Her face was lovely rather than beautiful.

In most men her glance might well provoke a sense of their own unworthiness, but in Ginhoulia it aroused only self congratulation. The proposition seemed delightfully easy, save for one obstacle—namely, the cost of a suitable engagement ring—and this difficulty to a person of Hector's ingenuity might be readily overcome.

When Freddy entered the settlement house on the Tuesday in question, in Mary's company, Ginhoulia felt no restraint. He greeted Miss Oakley enthusiastically and acknowledged the introduction to Freddy with an obsequious that blended grace and dignity in just the right proportion.

"Assuredly," thought Freddy, "this is something to be kicked."

"How d'ye do?" he said aloud. "Cold, isn't it?"

Ginhoulia agreed that it was "cold," and asked if Miss Oakley was to have the pleasure of demonstrating the settlement work to Mr. Furnival.

"Not exactly," Mary replied. "I met him by chance on the way over from the subway. He's here as a guest of one of the girls."

"The Benvenuto Cellini circle," Freddy broke in.

"Ah, so," said Ginhoulia. "You pronounce the Italian good."

"At the invitation of my friend Bonfortunato Tagliatela," said Freddy, enunciating all the liquid syllables with practiced ease.

"Two ladies," Ginhoulia murmured. "Two ladies," he said aloud. "Cold, isn't it?"

"He isn't sick, is he?" Mary asked sympathetically.

"Not a sick," said Ginhoulia. "A-oh, not a sick. I should be to seek. He takes from my desk six of my cigars, and I find him smoking them in my office."

"I'm sorry to hear it," Freddy commented. "It is no matter," Ginhoulia replied, with a smile and a shrug. "I keep him down to the street corner. He notta come back, I promise you!"

said, with a fine sweep of his soft white hand.

Freddy smiled at the involuntary humor of the head worker's phrase. "Not with the foot," Ginhoulia hastened to add, "like that unfortunate Tagliatela. Bad manners we condone here, but dishonesty must be treated—must be treated, ah!"

"Summarily," Mary helped out.

Ginhoulia smiled his thanks, with a dazzling show of regular, white teeth. "Just so," he murmured. "My English is a little difficult at times, but with Miss Oakley to help me, I become like—how shall I say it—like another Shakespeare!"

At the compliment a faint shade of pink came over Mary's pale features, not unnoticed by Freddy, whose mental attitude at the time might well have been translated by a low whistle. For the rest of the evening he watched Miss Oakley and the head worker closely, with a net result of six hand clasps and six resulting blushes from Mary, intermingled with a multitude of dazzling smiles from Ginhoulia.

"Ginhoulia's a pretty good sort," he said at length—"that is, for a dago."

"A dago?" Mary exclaimed. "Freddy Furnival, I beg of you!"

"That's all right," Freddy explained. "He is a dago, isn't he? That's the popular name for an Italian, just as Yank is for a down easter. I'm a Yank, you know, and you can call me one if you want to."

"I might be justified in calling you any number of things," Mary rejoined coolly, "except a gentleman!"

This time the low whistle grew audible, and Mary stopped short. "I can go the rest of the way alone," she said.

"I'll take you to the subway station," Freddy murmured huskily.

"Thank you, no, Mr. Furnival," Mary replied.

As she passed on Freddy raised his hat with as good a flourish and bow as Ginhoulia himself might have made. He watched her till she disappeared down the subway stairs, and once again his lips shaped themselves to a whistle as he strode rapidly away.

On a Wednesday morning three weeks later John Oakley walked into the outer office of Furnival's suit, which he found entirely unguarded by



Freddy Took the Ring and Tossed it Upon the Desk Blotter.

office boy or stenographer, and passed without hindrance to Freddy's room. As he entered the young lawyer hastily thrust something into his waistcoat pocket and rose to greet his friend with rather forced cordiality.

"Congratulations, old chap!" Freddy cried. "I heard it this morning."

"It isn't generally known yet," said Oakley.

"Good news travels fast, you know," Freddy rejoined. "I had the pleasure of meeting Ginhoulia some weeks ago. He is a splendid fellow!"

"Indeed he is," Oakley agreed. "His people are great shakes in Italy. His father's a privy councillor."

"You don't say?" Freddy commented, a trifle incredulous.

"He's quite an athlete, too," Oakley went on admiringly.

"So Taylor was telling me," Freddy broke in. "He kicked Taylor down Mott street for a block and a half."

"There surely must have been some provocation."

"There was. Taylor smoked six of his cigars."

"Six cigars oughtn't to disturb him like that," said Oakley. "He's the soul of generosity. Why, the ring he gave Mary is absolutely priceless. It's an heirloom in his family—a large ruby set with four brilliants. Perfectly stunning thing—you ought to see it!"

"I have seen it."

"What?" Oakley cried. "Impossible! He only gave it to Mary yesterday afternoon!"

"As a matter of fact," Freddy went on calmly, "I believe I have it in my waistcoat pocket right now."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

For answer Freddy took the ring from his waistcoat pocket and tossed it upon the desk blotter.

Taylor tossing a small object in the air and catching it again with such rapidity that it looked like a lot of colored balls tumbling from a Roman candle. As soon as he saw me he pocketed it. My curiosity being aroused, I proceeded to knuckle him."

"Precisely," Freddy went on. "A schoolboy trick. Hurts like thunder. Old Tagliatela knew his business, Oakley, for it wasn't five minutes before I had it out of my worthy young friend, and there you see it."

"How did Taylor get hold of it?" asked Oakley.

"More knuckling made him tell," said Freddy. "He confessed that last night he attended the Benvenuto Cellini circle, having made his peace with Ginhoulia. Of course he noticed Mary wearing the ring, and when he went into the room to wash her hands and returned without it he concluded that she must have left it on the lavatory. That's precisely what she had done, as he found out immediately—and there you are. Lucky I came in just when I did."

"And where is Taylor now?"

"I've fired him," said Freddy. "I've meant to do it every day for the past three weeks, but I've always forgotten about it until today."

"Why on earth didn't you have him arrested?"

"What's the use?" Freddy yawned. "We have the ring, and now let us go and take it back to Mary."

IV.

The Oakleys lived in an English basement residence on West End avenue. One glance at the white leaded casement of the colonial front door and the curtains elegance of the upper windows established the Oakley respectability as firmly as did the family Bible and the "Social Register" beneath the big mahogany table in the library. It was to this chamber that Freddy had been ushered by Oakley on their arrival.

"Light up while I go and find Mary," he said, and started for the door. Hardly had he reached it, however, when from the lower floor came a cry, half of rage, half of hysteria, which at once halted Oakley and brought Freddy to his feet.

"Now, what in the world is that?" Oakley ejaculated.

Another wail arose, and then followed the words: "You lost, you lost, you lost!"

"Ginhoulia!" Freddy whispered. "He's got 'em bad!"

"Ah, no, no, no, not re-echoed through the house."

"By George, he has Duce and Bernhardt simply skinned to death!" Freddy chuckled.

"Give me the ring, Freddy," Oakley said. "I think I'll go downstairs and kick him out."

Mingled with Mary's soothing contralto and Ginhoulia's shrill hysteria came an expostulatory growl.

"Confound it, sir, you're behaving like a fool!" it said.

"The governor!" Oakley exclaimed. "When I was a kid he always said 'Confound it, sir,' just before he whaled the life out of me. Exertion's bad for him, too. I guess I'll go down."

He took the stairs four at a jump, while Freddy went back to the library and closed the door behind him. For ten minutes the muffled sound of voices came in faint waves from the ground floor, until a decisive bang of the front door brought the conference to a close.

Freddy had been standing by the library window, gazing idly into the street, and he saw Ginhoulia leave the house. For one brief moment the enraged Italian stood muttering on the curb. Between his thumb and finger he held the ring, which glittered and flashed in the afternoon sunlight; then, raising his hand above his head, he flung it far into the roadway.

As Freddy turned from the window Oakley entered.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said, "but we've had the dickens of a row downstairs."

"Only a lovers' quarrel, I hope?" Freddy suggested.

"A very violent one," Oakley replied. "The fact is, when Mary said she didn't think his ring was valuable enough to make all that fuss about, Ginhoulia grew rabid and actually swore at her. He apologized immediately and said he thought she was calling his priceless old heirloom a valueless gift. After that, of course, Mary refused to have anything more to do with him, and when I gave her the ring she lapsed on his taking the precious thing."

"Was he glad to get it back?" Freddy asked.

"He must have been," Oakley replied. "The governor says that when he heard it was lost he acted like a man scared out of his wits. Apparently he valued it very highly."

"Nevertheless I don't think he did," Freddy rejoined.

"Because I was standing by the window as he went out, and I saw him throw the ring into the street."

"Impossible!" Oakley ejaculated. "A few minutes later the two young men, aided by the servants and half the small boys of the neighborhood, were poking in the dust of West End avenue for the discarded bauble. They searched without avail, however, until dusk."

"I guess it must have come down a sewer opening," said Freddy.

"Or into the pockets of one of the searchers," Oakley corrected. "In any event it's gone."

"Amen!" Freddy murmured piously. "I'm going home to clean up."

many succeeding evenings Freddy called at the Oakley residence, until, six months later, Mary was ready to wear another ring.

"No heirloom for me!" said Freddy, as he took the measure of her third finger with a piece of string. It shall be the conventional solitaire and the bluest whitest or the whitest bluest on Maiden Lane!"

Accordingly, bright and early the next morning Freddy jumped off a Broadway car at the corner of Maiden Lane and tarried from a policeman to a grunted newsboy, who was vigorously



"Dey wuz narten but winder glass," Taylor replied.

ly shouting the latest afternoon edition of an evening paper. He staided himself by seizing the youngster's shoulder.

"Easy there, my boy!" he cried, and then he recognized the youth. "As I live," he shouted, "it's Tagliatela! Greetings, Taylor!"

The embarrassed Tagliatela wriggled and struggled to free himself, but Freddy held him close.

"Come on to the sidewalk," he said. "I'm not going to harm you."

He drew his reluctant captive to a shop window and proceeded to interrogate him.

"Do you ever go to the Tasso Settlement these days?"

"Now!" Taylor replied. "It's blown up since Ginhoulia beat it."

"Beat it?"

"Sure," Taylor continued. "He went back to de old country."

"You don't say!" said Freddy. "You must have been sorry to lose your old friend."

"Old friend narten!" Taylor cried. "He wuz a cheap state."

"There's gratitude for you!" Freddy exclaimed. "You smoke Mr. Ginhoulia's cigars and wear his heirloom ruby and diamond ring, and yet you call him a cheap state!"

Taylor grinned broadly.

"Quit yer kidding," he said. "Ben sears wuz de rankest kind of for de smellerinos."

"But surely the ring?"

"A lemon!" Taylor jeered. "I couldn't get two bones on it. When you looked it from me I wuz goin' to give it back to Miss Oakley."

A great light broke over Freddy Furnival.

"You don't mean to say that that ruby and those four flashing diamonds were pesty?" he cried.

"Dey wuz narten but winder glass," Taylor replied. "I got it straight from de fence, Mr. Furnival."

"And so you were going to give it back when I took it from you?"

"I suttunly wuz," said Taylor. "I ain't no petty larceny guy, you betcher life!"

"Then, my young friend, I did you a great injustice," Freddy declared, with most courteousness, and tendered the had a quarter.

"Dat's all right," Taylor replied, pocketing the silver coin. "De best of us is liable to make a mistake wunst in awhile."

Freddy Furnival acquiesced in the sentiment with a solemn nod.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**